

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 4.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 6804

THE STRATAGEM OF LOVE.

A SPANISH TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

WE afterwards separated, and I saw him shed tears, when he passed under my balcony the day he left Madrid. I knew by these tears, that he departed without quitting me, and I felt by a certain emotion that followed him, without quitting the place I was in.

"But to what reverse of fortune are not the wretches exposed, whom her caprice is to persecute? The day after Nurillo's departure, my uncle informed me, that he had just taken leave of the King, being charged by him with a commission to the court of Naples, which required his setting out as soon as possible. He recommended to me to make preparations for accompanying him the next day. I had no occasion to counterfeign sickness, to oblige him to defer our departure. The news so alarmed me, that I was instantly seized with a fever, attended with delirium, which gave my uncle great uneasiness.

"Thanks however to the goodness of my constitution, no ill consequences ensued. Still was I obliged to yield to my uncle's will. He did not cease telling me, that my sickness was only the effects of my repugnance to the marriage he had proposed to me, and that I should be cured of it, as soon as I had seen the person he had destined for my husband.

"I pretended I should be glad of a few hours repose, and availed myself of this respite to write to Nurillo, and inform him of what had passed. I let him know, that I could not help taking a journey to Italy;—that, when we should be beyond the Alps, I would persuade my uncle to take the rout to Capua, through Lucca;—that I would reign in this city, to be suddenly possessed with evil spirits, to give him, by that feint, time to return from Salamanca;—that, in spite of my guardian, and the whole world, I would make him my husband, if his design was still to be so;—and that I should judge of his tenderness for me by his diligence in repairing to Lucca, that I might acquit myself of the part I intended to act on his account.

"When I had written my letter, I commissioned a faithful messenger to deliver it to him, and I am persuaded that Nurillo received it, as soon as he arrived at Salamanca. I have been now here three days, exorcised as if I were possessed with a legion of devils; but I assure you there is no other than love, a sweet, yet terrible devil, who will cease tormenting me the moment Nurillo comes to exorcise me himself.

"This, ladies, is my history, and I should be infinitely obliged to you to assist me in my innocent imposture, by engaging my uncle not to go hence till the devils are expelled. Perhaps a delay of some days, will be sufficient to give Nurillo time to arrive, and enable him to deliver me out of my persecutor's hands, and put me in a condition of thanking you for your good offices."

When Isabella had put an end to her story, those who heard it, surprised at its novelty, could not help laughing heartily with her at the

stratagem, and all promised, as far as they could to promote its success.

She still set all her engines at work to confirm her uncle and the physician in the opinion of her being possessed. Her new friends also endeavored to persuade them, that none but demons could speak by her mouth, things which she had no knowledge of before her arrival at Lucca.

The old senator Nurillo, who had heard that the devil spoke of him by the mouth of the possessed, had the curiosity to hear Isabella, and for that purpose came to the inn, pretending to enquire after the physician.

The doctor, having procured him admittance to her bed side; "Is it not a sad case, Signor Nurillo," said he, "that the devil should take up his abode in so angelic a body? For our consolation, he gives us hope he will soon depart from it, and, as a sign of his so doing, desires to expect the coming of your son Lewis."

"A fallacious hope it must be," answered the senator, "having no other grounds than the promise of the father of imposture; and I am astonished that so wise a man as you are, should give credit to it. You would not be so credulous if you had read the last letter of my son who, when he wrote to me, was setting out from Madrid to Salamanca, where he is to reside for some time.

"If I did not feel," said Isabella, "I know not what tenderness, for that venerable gentleman I could assure him I do not impose upon him, when I promise the return of his son."

"Away with your professions of tenderness," replied the senator, who believed he was speaking to the devil, and not to the beautiful young lady; "these terms of soft insinuation are but a poor bait for a Christian as I am; and we know, seducing spirit, that thou dost not flatter, but to lead into temptation."

"Your son," replied Isabella, "thinks otherwise than you do, with regard to me. He knows that my temptations have no tendency contrary to nature, and he has given himself to me, to gain possession of a heart which he could not have obtained, if I had not concurred to make him master of it."

"Ah the wretch!" replied the senator, "are these the fruits of the sentiments of religion, I inspired him with."

"He did only on this occasion," said Isabella, "what yourself would have formerly done; and if I inclined, I could bring him here from Salamanca, to have your approbation of the engagement he has entered into with me, for his happiness."

"A fine happiness, indeed!" exclaimed Nurillo, with a mournful air; "yes a fatal happiness and its reward, an eternity of pain."

"Well," said the exorist friars, who were just come in, "let her bring him in hither. We shall learn from him the conditions of the engagement, and shall break and dissipate the projects of all the angels of darkness."

"This is excellent reasoning," said Isabella to them; "but permit me to tell you, that nothing but the presence of Nurillo, can extricate me from the power of the invisible agents, that now keep me in bondage."

The physician, believing he already saw the infernal empire descending upon the whole company, to oblige them to ratify the engagement, skulked secretly towards the stairs, and was hurrying down them, taking four steps at once, when the uncle coming up, stopped him short, and kept him from breaking his neck.

"Where are you going in such haste?" said he. "Come back, and you will hear something astonishing."

"Good folks," said the uncle to the company, when he got into his niece's chamber, "our devil seems now to be of better faith than we thought;—and I doubt not but he will soon take wing, since Don Lewis Nurillo has just now fallen, as it were, from the clouds, into the most public square of this city.

"Begone," added he, looking at Isabella; "go thy ways, thou accursed demon;—vade, vade, retro, as thou hast promised, and leave in peace a girl that is so dear to me."

"This piece of intelligence had such an effect upon the old senator, that, imagining his son to be transported through the air, he fell back on a chair, more dead than alive. A cold sweat trickled down his face, and the physician, instead of helping him, cried out for help himself, begging they would send for some of the fraternity that lived in the neighborhood.

The same news produced a very different effect on Isabella's mind. She could not help testifying her joy; which made the exorists believe that the devils applauded themselves, in her satisfied and laughing eyes, for the distress of the dying parties.

The guardian, on his part, did not know what to think of the matter, especially on being apprised of the devil's threats against him, while he was last absent. He would fain hope, that Don Lewis Nurillo was still at Salamanca; and addressing himself to the old senator,—"It can only," said he, "be the phantom of your son that has been seen in the great square. It is well known, that the devil is very dexterous at making dupes of the simple, by similar apparitions."

"No, no," answered Isabella who heard the voice of Don Lewis Nurillo coming up stairs, "I have imposed no commands on fantastic demons. Phantoms are only formed of gross air; and Lewis there is a solid body, composed of flesh and bones. Is it not true," asked she, looking at him enquiringly, "that spectres of your species are not insensible of beauty's attractions, and that you have given yourself to me, in order to subject a heart to you, which would still have kept aloof, had not I disposed it to surrender."

Every one trembled at the sight of Nurillo, and none dared to come near him. Even his father could not believe, that it was he in person, and all had like to die with fear, when Lewis spoke these dreadful words, addressing himself to the beautiful Catraccio—"Thou didst deceive me then, abominable seducer, when thou didst promise me the affection of that divinity whom I adore. Thou shouldst have put me in possession of so precious a treasure, and thou hast seized it for thyself."

[To be concluded in our next.]

APOSTROPHE TO FRUGALITY.

O Frugality! thou mother of ten thousand blessings-- thou cook of fat beef and dainty greens!--thou manufacturer of warm Shetland hosiery and comfortable fustians!--thou old housewife darning thy decayed stockings with thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!--lead me, hand me in thy clutched, palmed fist, up those heights, and through those thickets hitherto inaccessible and impervious to my anxious weary feet!--not those Parnassian crags, bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers of fame are breathless, clambering, hanging between Heaven and Hell; but those glittering cliffs of Potof, where the all-sufficient, all-powerful deity wealth, holds his immediate court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny exposure of plenty and the hot walls of profusion produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exotics in this world and natives of Paradise!--Thou withered sylph, my sage conductress, usher me into the resplendent and adored presence!--the power splendid and potent as he now is, was once the pining nursing of thy faithful care and tender arm!--Call me thy son, thy cousin, thy kinsman, favorite, and adjure the God by the scenes of his infant years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger or as an alien, but to favor me with his peculiar countenance and protection! He daily bestows his greatest kindnesses on the undeserving and worthless--afford him that I bring ample documents of meritorious demerits!--pledge yourself for me, that for the glorious cause of LUCRA, I will do any thing, be any thing--but the horse-leech of private oppression, or the culture of public robbery!

PARSIMONY.

MR. GUY, the founder of the noble Hospital that bears his name in Southwark, (London) was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a folded proof sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table cloth. It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening sitting in his room meditating over a handful of half lighted embers confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person who came to inquire for him was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalized by Pope in these lines--

"When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, that living, sav'd a candle's end."

I have been told, says Hopkins, that you fit, are better vers'd in the prudent and necessary art of saving, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled; but I am told by all that know you, that you are greatly my superior.-----" And is that all you come about? (said Guy) why then we can talk this matter over in the dark;" so saying, he, with great deliberation, extinguished his new lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave.

MEMORANDUM.

SOON after General Washington had arrived at Roxbury Camp, near Boston, and had taken the command of the American army, while a number of his officers were sitting at his table, one of them had the vulgarity to utter a profane oath, little suspecting that it would be offensive to a gentleman educated in one of the southern colonies. But the dignified and reproving look of the General, instantly taught him his error.

A solemn silence ensued, and while not a word was spoken on the occasion, the offender was ashamed and confounded by the tacit reproof that he received.

The writer of this had the story in camp from one of the officers, and within a week or two from the time the scene happened.

ANECDOTE.

AN Irish schoolmaster, from a conviction of the efficacy of SUNDAY schools, in correcting the morals of youth, and aware that his neighborhood stood in particular need of them, lately proposed a Sunday school upon a new principle, in which, from mere motives of patriotism, he was willing to officiate gratuitously twice a week, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

REMARK. A quiet conscience causes a quiet sleep.

NOVEMBER.

DROOPING, alas! see nature peevish lies;
The north wind raging o'er the marish plain:
Th' enfeebled god of day ascends the skies,
But ah! his timorous rays descend in vain.

Dread WINTER, now, with too tyrannic tread,
Invades the chequer'd carpet of the dead;
Each trembling stalk reclines its wither'd head,
And rustling leaves bestrew the echoing glade.

The beech, the poplar, flipp'd of all their shade,
Who lordly view'd the gay, enamell'd plain,
Whose wanton branches kiss'd the chrysalis,
Relinquish their beauties to his awful reign.

No tender breezes revel thro' the grove,
Or playful fit along the verdant mead,
Or hear, triumphant, mutual tales of love,
Transported told beneath the woodbine shade.

In wanton rounds, no more the fleecy train,
Bound o'er the lawn, or scale the tufted hill,
Or joyful bear their inoffensive train,
Join'd to the murmur of a tinkling rill.

Mute is each feather'd tenant of the shade,
And now forgot each late harmonious lay,
Whose tender accents sigh'd along the glade,
Or thrill'd spontaneous at the new-born day.

These now withdrawn--adieu such transient scenes!
That pleasing strike our dim-concocted sight,
Which so lately yields a joy but intervenes
The pain of fighting for their speedy flight.

But FAREWELL, hail! thy genuine charms impart,
Th' harmonious scenes of bliss that strike the soul;
Thy social virtues fix the generous heart,
Invade the breast, and rule without controul.

SONNET TO COMMERCE.

COMMERCE! gain-grasping power, my dubious heart,
Knows not if thou deservest praise or blame;
Whether the blessing of the world thou art,
Or civilized man's unceasing shame;

Could thy wide arms unite all human kind,
In one firm compact of fraternal love,
For thee the muse her richest wreaths should bind,
For thee her strains in sweetest measures move.

But if thy votaries, in the gloomy den
Of trade immersed, are callous to distress;
Or if thy hard hands forge for fellow men,
The chains of slavery and of wretchedness,
Still shall she execrate the power that gave
Wealth to the tyrant--misery to the slave!

A TRIFLING WORLD.

FROM trifle to trifle this volatile age
Still varies; and nothing but trifles engage,
The triflingest fellow is highest prefer'd;
The triflingest madam is still most admird.

And still, as if trifling of trifling fell short,
Things solemn and serious to trifles convert;
Their time and their health, and money too, they,
And even reputation, oft-trifle away.

Honesty and honor are trifles become,
And conscience too often is trifled quite dumb;
The system of morals a trifle they call,
And religion is made the grand trifle of all.

RIDDLE.

FORTH from the bosom of the deep,
I playfully emerge,
To sweep along the smooth sea face,
Or skim the foaming surge.
By mortal yet, I scarce am seen,
So distant are we plac'd;
But that I am a friend to man,
In my department's trac'd.
For when destruction threatens him,
I leave my silent bed,
And singing, warn him of the harm,
That hovers round his head.

SCRAP.

THO' VICE may short-liv'd pleasure give to sense,
'Tis VIRTUE only can true joys dispense.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEDDLER, No. XIV.

Prudent futuri temporis exitum
Caliginis nocte premit deus,
Ridicule si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet-----

HOR.

But God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And down their leads in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of fate,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

YD.

IT is an observation no less frequent than just, that men are seldom content with the parts which they sustain on the theatre of life, whether assumed by them through choice, or by accident; but are rather disposed to commend those of others, though perhaps inferior to their own both in dignity and ease.

The merchant, whose fortunes lie at the mercy of the elements, when the black tempest heaves the ocean, and his mind is torn with anxiety, expatiates with fervor on the calm pleasures of a rustic life. He fees it exempt from those particular calamities which disquiet the commercial state, and therefore rashly deems it beyond the reach of accident; his wishes lead him into pleasing delusions and

"Fancy dreams

Of sacred fountains, and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss."

To the other hand, the farmer who bewails his harvests blighted, his cattle destroyed, and his whole subsistence vanishing, would gladly exchange his condition with even the soldier, whose life indeed is spent amid tumult and danger, but is free from those continual doubts and fears inseparable from his own. The warrior marches towards his foe, engages in the conflict, and in a moment sinks in death exults in victory; while the husbandman spends whole days and weeks and months in watching the progress of his crops, views with concern every insidious cloud, and perhaps at last meets with a reward adequate to his labor.

But although repinings and murmurs at the dispensations of Providence are so common, they are however both injurious and unreasonable. They are injurious, since by continually drawing the attention of a man wholly to his own misfortunes without suffering him to consider the calamities of others, they deplete his spirit, and thus unfit him for any vigorous exertion to retrieve them. They are unreasonable, in as much as dispassionate reflection would convince him, that all ranks and conditions of life are equally obnoxious to calamity, and that, however some may rave about the peculiar hardships of their professions, when all circumstances have been duly weighed, the balance of happiness in each is nearly even. In a world like this, where all things are by nature subject to vicissitude, it is a folly to expect unadulterated felicity, or any pleasure without some thilthy sorrow at its side. All readily acknowledge it an absurdity for any one to arrogate to himself a right to be exempted from those evils under which others labor; and yet every man acts as if he had some superior claim to the peculiar favor of Providence. When we see disasters accumulating upon the head of our neighbors, we consider it as perfectly natural; but when misfortunes knock at our own gates, we curse our stars and the fickleness of fortune. Though the folly and blindness of mankind strongly appear in such conduct, and provoke the indignation of every observer, they are equally apparent in other respects. What are their desires? Ease and comfort. And how do they proceed to obtain those blessings? By labor and restraint--To guard against the possibility of an evil they chuse the CERTAINTY. Sagacious calculators! how I admire the wisdom of their conduct!

Ask those who are toiling in the pursuit of wealth, why they deny themselves those little conveniences without which "life is like a pedlar's pack that bows the bearer down," and they will tell you that they intend, after having gained a competence, to retire from the bustle of business, and consume in peace the stores which they have gathered with so much toil and abstinence. Such designs are certainly just; but the misfortune is that their ideas of a competence are apt to vary with the increase of their possessions. At first it is thought sufficient to be removed from the pressure merely of absolute want; but poverty is an evil so dreadful in the estimation of most, and attended with so many circumstances of inconvenience and disgrace, that they think at last that it cannot be viewed at too remote a distance. Their desires enlarge with the means of their gratification; as they rise in riches, new scenes open

to their view, and their prospects gradually extend on every side until they finally become unbounded.

By these means the execution of their plans of retirement is so long protracted, that they are perhaps overtaken by old age, or by some accident which brings down to earth all their towering schemes of future happiness. How much wiser would it be in man to enjoy the good things of this life as they arrive, instead of deferring the fruition to a period which may perhaps never arrive; to eat while his appetite is keen, than to wait until it demands restoratives!

I would not, however, by the preceding remarks be understood to mean, that no regard should be paid to the future, and that a man should squander upon the present hour his whole substance without making a provision against probable contingencies.

Far otherwise are my intentions. I merely wish to advise those who are travelling a long and toilsome journey, to take a little refreshment by the way, lest they faint before the end; to crop with a moderate hand the flowers springing beneath their feet, before they fade and wither.

Saturday, Nov. 7, 1801.

LINES

Written when my Infant was pronounced past hopes of recovery.

AND is there then no hope? can nothing save
My suffering infant from an early grave?
Is there no lenient balm--no drug of virtues rare,
To give relief--and chase away despair?
Alas! it cannot be--what then is mine,
But meek submission to the hand divine!
He yet may live, delusive hope, away,
I can no more believe, nor thou betray;
E'en now convulsive pains obstruct his breath,
He shrieks in anguish--shrieks, the note of death.
God of my life! Oh, hear a mother's prayer,
Struggling with anguish, and oppress'd with care!
Since hope is past, receive my suffering babe,
And take, in pity take, the life thou gavest;
And call his spirit to that happy shore,
Where pain shall cease, and death destroy no more!

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1801.

The noted culprit, Alpheus Vincent, returned to this city on Thursday last week, from Albany whence he had been sent to attend the supreme court on a charge of felony, committed when he broke out of the state prison. The cause was tried at the City Hall some time since and he was found guilty of the crime; but a new trial was moved for and obtained by his counsel, on the illegality of some of the evidence.

The trial was not brought on at Albany--but it is said the judges determined his fate out of court; and he is acquitted of the charge of felony, and remanded in prison under his first sentence.

The State Convention amended their resolution relating to the number of Senators; which was, that they should be reduced to 24, and never exceed 30. The amendment is, that they shall only be reduced to 32, and never exceed that number.

On Sunday evening the house of Mr. Gilbert Constant, at the two mile stone in the Bowery, was broke open and robbed of four pieces of superfine cloth, and other articles to the amount of 150 dollars.

On Tuesday, the sloop Mary Ann, from Newark, for this port, upset during the gale, between Fort Jay, and Staten Island. The people were all taken off, but it is feared the cargo, estimated at 2000 dollars, will be principally lost.

We are informed, by Captain Fitch, of the Eugenia, arrived on Saturday evening from Malaga, of the capture of a Tripolitan corsair, of 22 guns, after an engagement of two hours by the U. S. brig Enterprise, in which the former lost upwards of 30 men killed, a number wounded--the Enterprise had none killed and but a wounded. It was communicated by Capt. Serret, to the Amer. Consul at Malaga, Mr. Knapwick, via Gibraltar, by a vessel which he spoke at sea; and is the more important, as it will tend to depress the spirits of those barbarians, and display their own inferiority in point of contest, even with a far superior force. The prize was ordered for Malta.

A letter from a respectable house in Malaga to another in this city, dated 21st Sept. corroborates the above intelligence, and states that "The latest news from Egypt mentions, that Alexandria still remained in the hands of the French, but from necessity, must soon fall into the hands of the English." [Com. Adv.]

Capt. Goodfellow, from St. Croix, informs us, that there was a report in circulation before he sailed, that 10,000 troops had arrived at Martinique from England. It was supposed they were destined against Porto Rico, Guadaloupe, and Marigolaupe.

London papers to Sep. 9, have been received at Philadelphia by the ship Role, 50 days from Liverpool--the does not bring any important intelligence.

Mr. Dawson, our late treaty-bearer, has arrived in England from France.

The British fleet were off Brest by the last accounts, consisting of 27 sail of the line, the Combined fleet appeared ready for sea.--Sir James Saumarez blockaded Cadiz with 14 sail.

The English and Turkish army to which Cairo surrendered amounted to 46,000 men. General Bellard, expecting to be attacked on all sides, proposed an armistice for 5 days, which the Grand Vizier at first refused to grant, but it was afterwards agreed to by the advice of the Capt. Pacha. The French delivered 25 hostages; and the Negotiations were followed by the capitulation, which was concluded on the 28th June, and carried into effect on the 10th July. On that day the French troops marched out, and were escorted to Rosetta. The terms of the capitulation have been communicated to Minou in Alexandria; and as this garrison is represented to be in a starving condition, the General, it was expected, would accept the terms offered to him for its surrender.

Extract of a letter from Tortola, dated Oct. 5.

"Lately was recaptured and sent into this port, the ship Zenobia, Howard, of New-York, richly laden, and bound to Hamburg. She has been released and is to proceed to-morrow for Hamburg; having paid one sixth salvage. About a month since, a brig loaded with flour, without a soul on board, drove on shore on an adjacent Island. It appears by papers found, that she belongs to Baltimore, Capt. Wiseman, or Wiseman--cannot learn her name."

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A letter from Calcutta states: that on the arrival of a detachment of British troops at the camp of Moree Jaharra, a tygres of uncommon size scoured the front of their positions and carried off a grala cutter belonging to the first regiment of cavalry. The man's shrieks were for some time heard, but the attack and flight of the animal were so rapid that it was impossible to save him. On the following morning the commanding officer, attended by the camels of the detachment, and a strong corps of cavalry, proceeded to her den, which was not more than 300 yards from the line, and in endeavoring to drive her out two male tygers darted forth successively, and were both killed before the female made her appearance. Nothing intimidated by the number of her pursuers, she sprung amongst them with the most decided ferocity, and it was not till after three desperate charges, in which she severely wounded as many people, that she fell. The male tygers each measured about 8 feet in length; the female was considerably larger. Five days after another man was carried away in a like manner, when Major Wharton, with a party of troopers, armed only with pistols, and the camel riders with swords, pursued the animal to a small thick jungle, on the borders of the Nulla, about five miles from the camp. The tygers, for some minutes concealing and refreshing herself in the high grass, at length commenced an attack, but was wounded and compelled to retreat. Her size and ferocity were such, that Major Wharton sent to the camp for a reinforcement of carabineers, and purposed to have waited their arrival, but the tygers renewed the attack, and darting amongst the party, excited a considerable degree of confusion, until, after a contest of nearly thirty minutes, a trooper lodged a bullet in her head while she was in the act of springing at him. She measured nine feet four inches.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of HYMEN.

O TIME toll on thy sluggish wheels and haste the day,
When joys like these shall decorate my way,
O soon convince the fair, in bloom of life,
The happiest female is the happiest wife;
And ev'ry youth that virtuous love alone,
Can form another's happiness, or fix his own.

MARRIED.

On the 26th of August last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. MELANCTON SMITH, to Miss CORNELIA JONES, daughter of Dr. Gardner Jones.

At Albany, by the Rev. Mr. Nott, Mr. CHARLES W. GOODRICH, of this city, Merchant, to Miss ANN FRENCH, of Albany.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. JOHN WHEELER, to Miss MARIA AMMERMAN, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

WE ALL DO FADE AS THE LEAF.

DIED.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. CATHARINE LIVINGSTON, wife of Brockholst Livingston, Esq. in the 41st year of her age.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY,

Sold by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

A WET NURSE.

WANTS a place, a young woman with a good breast of milk. She is from the country, and can be well recommended--is willing to assist in the work of the family. Enquire at this office. Nov. 7. 80.

TO THE LADIES

MANTUA-MAKING and MILINARY executed with neatness and dispatch at No. 102 William-street.

ACADEMY.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the Subscriber, who has received an Academical Education at Yale College, continues to instruct the youth of both sexes at his Academy, No. 107 CHERRY-STREET, corner of OLIVER-STREET, and with pleasure returns his grateful acknowledgments to all those who have been his unvaried friends and patrons, and hopes by his indefatigable endeavor for the improvement of his pupils in their several branches of Education, and to form their minds to virtue and usefulness, to merit the continuance of their favors, and the approbation and support of a generous public. JOHN WARNER.

EVENING TUITION.

The Subscriber intends to open an EVENING SCHOOL on Monday evening next, the 2d November, at his Academy No. 107 Cherry-Street, corner of Oliver-Street, in the same room where he teaches his Day-School; and although an Evening School has been commenced in this vicinity at an earlier period than has been customary in general, and disingenuous measures taken by the teacher to acquire extensive encouragement, yet the subscriber hopes to obtain a moderate share of patronage and encouragement, as he will receive no more scholars either into his Day or Evening School than he can carefully instruct. J. WARNER.

October 31, 1801.

79--

New Novels,

For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THREE SPANIARDS,

A ROMANCE,

By GEORGE WALKER.

NOCTURNAL VISIT,

By REGINA M. ROCHS.

THE MONK.

A Romance--By M. G. LEWIS, Esq.

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY,

By REGINA M. ROCHS.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE THIRD EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S TRISTIA.

Translated from the original Latin.

BY P. FRENEAU.

[CONCLUDED]

SHE spoke, and fondly would her suit renew,
Then scarce convinc'd, her rash resolve withdrew.
I LEFT HER!—here my living death began,
The dreary funeral of a banish'd man!
In gash of woe, my beard, entangled hair,
No longer claim'd their wretched owner's care.
O'erwhelm'd with woes, when morning beam'd its ray,
On the cold ground my weeping comfort lay,
Her lovely locks, so long, so late her pride,
Disgrac'd with dust, neglected and untied,
Uncouth hung round her—from the dust the rose,
Deplor'd the widow'd house, bewail'd my woes;
On her lost Ovid call'd with frantic moans,
And wept not less with agonizing groans,
Than if her daughter, my Perilla dear,
Lay stretch'd beside me on a funeral bier:
Death the involu'd—in death she wish'd to drown
This rage of grief, these sorrows half her own;
For me alone consenting to survive,
For me, though absent, she might bear to live,
Might still remain, to hope some happier day
Relief would grant, and Cesar's wrath allay.
Now had the guardian of the northern bear
In ocean dimm'd the radiance of his star—
Embark'd!—my country ne'er to see again,
Reluctant sail'd I on the Ionian main.
Rude was the season; wild, inclement, cold,
But fear of Cesar made the tempest bold.

Ah me! what tempests sweep this billowy waste,
What sands, in whirlpools from their depths displac'd!
What rage of ocean our poor galley drives,
Through what mad seas the car'd Apollo dives!
The howling winds no rest, no truce allow,
And half the Ionian roars against the prow.
To every shock the latter'd bark rebounds,
And all Jove's winter through the riggingounds!
Her groaning frame, unaid'd such shocks to bear,
Creak'd, sympathizing with my own despair,
Pelted at the helm the trembling pilot stood,
Confess'd his fears, invoke'd each guardian God,
Relax'd his nervous hand, and rel'd no more
The ship, to please to his will before.

Like him, who by some fiery fiend is borne,
Who knows no rule, or knows it but to scorn,
He yields to madness, or to strength the rein,
Nor checks that spirit he would check in vain;
So, at the mercy of the tempest toss'd,
The trembling galley, half in ocean lost,
Fecund, self-guided, drifts the wat'ry way,
And, plunging, reels, disdaining to obey.
The adverse gales propell'd us to that shore,
The Italian country, I must tread no more;
Far to the left we glid the Libyan walle,
My eyes once more my native country trac'd,
But left forever!—cease ye winds to blow,
And homeward drive me, where I dare not go.

Thus while I speak, and hopeless of return,
The quivering barque by angry seas is torn:
Ye plying powers, that rule the azure main!
Spare me, O spare me, and be kind again.
Enough for me, that Jove, my foe declar'd,
Denies my ruin, and denies regard;
Of life though weary, save me from the deep,
Wash me to Scyllia, there to breathe and weep;
Save me, at least, to reach the Pontic coast,
If fad he can be who's already lost.

The following is extracted from a London Paper. The advertisers have evidently opened a matrimonial firm and want a great many sleeping partners.

SEVEN WIVES WANTED.

Ladies of respectability, desirous of entering into the matrimonial state, may hear of seven gentlemen, who are desirous of settling in life and enjoying true connubial bliss. Ladies really of a serious turn, with a good education, engaging manners, &c. they can only suit.

N.B. No objections to country ladies.

MORALIST.

BOW down your heads unto the dust. O ye inhabitants of the earth! be silent and receive, with reverence, instruction from on high.

Wherefore the sun doth shine, wherefore the wind doth blow, wherefore there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive, there let the precepts of life be made known, let the maxims of truth be honored and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded, his wisdom is from eternity; and his goodness endureth forever.

He sitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the flint with his finger, and they run their course rejecting.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited space. Order, and grace, and beauty, spring from his hand.

The voice of wisdom speaketh in all his works; but the human understanding comprehendeth it not.

The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of a man, as a dream; he seeth as in the dark; he reasoneth, and is deceived.

But the wisdom of God is as the light of Heaven; he reasoneth not; his mind is the fountain of truth.

Justice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance forever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power shall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in wisdom? Can any in goodness be compared unto him?

He it is, O man, who hath created thee; thy station on earth is fixed by his appointment; the powers of thy mind are the gifts of his goodness; the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth, shall establish his soul in peace.

SINGING SCHOOL.

THE subscriber intends opening a Singing School, on Monday evening, the 2d November, at his School Room in Chatham-street, No. 153, at which place he will attend on Monday and Tuesday evenings, at 6 o'clock, for the purpose of instructing those in Sacred Music, who may please to honor him with their attendance.

As it very much accommodates a Singing School to be crowded and interrupted by spectators, the public are respectfully informed that none will be admitted. All those who wish to hear the performance of said School, may be justified by attending at Christ's Church, on Wednesday evenings.

LEWIS EDSON, jun.

N.B. Those who wish to become members of said School, may call on me at the above-mentioned room, between 12 and 1 o'clock, on Mondays and Thursdays. Oct. 31.

VALUABLE EDUCATION.

THE Subscriber, at No. 10 Peck-Slip, teaches the Elements of Geography and Astronomy and use of the Globes, Land Surveying, Navigation with our double altitudes and lunar observations, the use of Margette's Longitude and Horary tables, which were designed to construct, and render more precise the practice of ascertaining the longitude at sea by lunar observations, among persons unversed in astronomical calculations. He likewise teaches English Grammar, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Reading, &c.

He has been prevailed upon by a number of applicants, to open, at the early season, an

EVENING SCHOOL FOR SEAMEN,

and others, who wish to become proficient in nautical science.

As the Subscriber intends to establish a School of reputation in this place, none will be admitted but such as are decent; nor will his avidity for learn induce him to accept of more than he can faithfully attend to.

September 5.

JOSIAH MALLEY.

EVENING TUITION,

At the Academy, No. 10, Broad-Street.

—TERMS—

Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, &c. 3 dollars a Scholar per quarter. Navigation and Surveying, together with various Branches of the Mathematics, 1-2 Dollars a Scholar per month.

N.B. Quills, Ink, Fire-Wood and Candles, included in the above Charges. Attendance from 6 to half after 8 o'clock.

NATHANIEL MEAD.

Quilted Silk Coats,

Made and for sale by WILL. WEYMAN,
No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has just completed a great assortment, which consists of the most prevailing colours, newest fashions, and of different qualities.

A few sent for trial if requested. Coats made to particular directions with care. October 31. 79 3m

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paille,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented-Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizzles, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swandown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

66 3m.

EVENING SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber informs the Public, that he has opened his EVENING SCHOOL No. 55 Cherry-street, in the Room occupied by Mr. Tuttle last winter.

Oct. 3, 1801.

JEREMIAH O'DRISCOL.

Novels and Romances,

For sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THREE SPANIARDS, by George Walker,
Mordaunt, by the author of Zeluco,
Horror of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Emilia d'Varmont, or the Necessary Divorce,
Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
George Barnwell, by Surry,
Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werner,
Sufferings of the Family of Ouseburg,
Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins,
Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq;
Children of the Abbey, Wieland, or the Transformation
Ormond, or the Secret Witness, Tom Jones,
Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter,
Camilla, Romance of the Forest, The Italian,
Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun,
Nature and Art, Gonzalvo of Cordova, Atundal,
Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela,
Simple Story, Man of the World, Fatal Follies,
Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality,
Mysteries of Udolpho, Mytic Cottage, Select Stories,
Count Roderick's Castle, Female Constancy,
Edward, Madame d'Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey,
Zeluco, Maurice, Anne, Fortescue,
Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck
Man of Feeling, Telemachus, Citizen of the World,
Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random,
Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benfon,
Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

For Sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

POEMS,

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

by

PHILIP FRENEAU.

WANTED.

A GIRL of twelve or fourteen years of age, to assist in family work—enquire of the Printer.

Printed and published by J. HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.

One Dollar Fifty Cents per annum.